

L I M I N A L

JOURNAL OF LIBERATION AND ANARCHY
« For the wildness at the pulse of this world »

ACCURSED WAVES

Enzo Martucci & Lang Freni

If only I were born to the sea, at a pirate ship, lost on the endless ocean, in the midst of a handful of rugged and brave people who furiously climb aboard ship, singing the wild song of destruction and death! These children of the night, my kin, impatient with all law and all control, would have included me. These people, spirits thirsty for freedom and the infinite, would have known how to read the great story that is in me, an utterly marvelous poem of pain and conflict, of sublime aspirations and impossible dreams – my own stories and our heritage bound in all we utter, would have been our intangible treasure, and in the clear fount of my demonic pride and eternal rebellion, our strength would have been annealed, already violently brewed by a thousand hurricanes.

Instead, I was fatally born in the midst of the nauseating herd of slaves who lie in the filthy slime where the ruling tread unnamed and all exchange the kiss of brotherhood with cowardice. I was born into civilized society, and the banker, the judge, the priest, the moralist, the consumer and the cop have tried to weigh me down with chains and transform my organism, exuberant with vitality and energy, into an unconscious and automatic machine for which only one word was supposed to exist: Obey. They wanted to kill me! And when I rose in the violence of overwhelming force and wildly shouted my “No,” the idiotic herd, amid the splashing of putrefying slime, launched its vacuous insults.

Now, I laugh...The crowd is unable to understand certain depths, and doesn't have a sharp enough gaze to penetrate the hidden recesses of my heart... You curse me, you curse me still, as now, stained with sloth, for sixty centuries, you consume the ritual of the lie; you curse me, applauding your laws and your idols... I will always cast the red flowers of my contempt in your face.

On the mountain peak where I dwell with the eagle and the wolf, faithful companions of my

solitude, I contemplate humanity, this grotesque parody of the reptile, with great nausea. Around me, lush nature wraps the rock in a green cloak of undergrowth, whose wild beauty gives the mind an inexpressible feeling of strength and joy. Below, on the mountain slopes, fertile fields stretch out, dotted here and there with isolated houses and villages in which human beings cement the millennia-old chains with dispossessed blindness.

I laugh...I laugh as I watch human beings, these little monsters shrunk by space, when they are poisoned in the shops where chemicals burn their orifices, when they walk and sewer gases lacerate their lungs, when they pass by chanting or shopping in procession, raising above them the idols of fanaticism and unconsciousness, and when, in cowardice, they consecrate their slavery, licking the hand of the master that savagely beats them. I see the miserable comedy of human hypocrisy and pettiness unfold below my feet, and a deep sense of disgust sweeps over me, an unspeakable loathing winds through my heart. And still I laugh. Then the chime of the electric bell that tolls for the feast rises from the village in the silence of the night and I sing a song to the eagle and the wolf. It is a song of my pain and my passion... the song says:

“Oh, earth! Goddess of destruction, direful and monstrous Demon!, rise up from the furthest bowels of the unknown and come to me through the open wounds your old self, come to me...come with the sudden fury of the squall; devastate, destroy this weakened and decadent world, it needs a new blood bath to renew itself... I will lend you my arm and my thought. We will struggle together as long as any temple arises bearing testimony to the superstition and sloth of men... as long as any law, engraved on

the tablets of deception, tries to impose dedication to itself on the rebel,... and as long as life, encroached upon and oppressed, cannot rise once more triumphant in the light of day. Then, when clouds of flame rise threateningly from smoking ruins toward the sky, satanic, demonic, mad, we will sing our iconoclastic hymn of negation and revolt..." So I say! And my voice is so, mighty and arcane, rich with hatred and feeling, so that my companion the eagle rises up over a horizon where sinister lightning bolts flash... and my wolf friend with eyes like embers howls and pounces on the muddy paths of the village where they bring terror and death...

Above, on my peak, so high and inaccessible, the former symbol of my liberation waves is the wind: the black flag, aflame.

Now I dance on the edge of an abyss at whose bottom the murky waters of death do wind...I dance, tragically, with my mind focused on the dawn of my "true" life, of the free and intense life I want to conquer for myself, at the cost of the fiercest conflict and the most difficult sacrifice. Because I belong to the race of invincible giants for whom danger is not a barrier, but a sting, a spur that pushes them to realize their will more forcefully. And I dance, I dance... The faint and

**LIMINAL
PO BOX 7428
MINNEAPOLIS, MN
55407**

There have always been those who will not submit, those who will defy gods and masters against all odds. I will not submit to this insane society. I will struggle to destroy it on all fronts

all fronts that conflict with my individual passions beside those who share form of those passions.

I am not simply opposed to the excesses of this world - the food in the dumpster and empty stomach nearby, the violence of the police state and the pacifist protestor, the devout priest and the earth-heathen; I am opposed to their very existence. I am opposed to the existence of cops, government and economy; the existence of religion, belief and property. I am skeptical but I ain't a skeptic. I am

despicable virtues that dominate in this world of slaves, have tried to lure me. But I have answered their fondlings and their threats with the diabolical laughter of my savage sarcasm. Humanity, Society, State, Law, Morality - you already know the force of my blows as I know the force of yours. Yet you don't stop attacking me, you don't cease entertaining the mad intention of reducing my unadaptable temper in the fetters of obedience. Well, you still throw your hat into the ring, you still drag that bleak, amorphous mass of flabby slaves in your train, you sharpen your weapons that will shatter upon my invulnerable armor. I resolutely wait for you. I, the damned one, the rebel. I wait for you with the eagle and the wolf, the faithful companions of my solitude. And my kin also wait for you, arrayed for battle in the wood, my kin, the undefeated children of "Evil"...

So come on! The sacrilegious and destructive iconoclast has flung their challenge. And in an intoxication of enthusiasm, a delirium of energy, an exaltation of audacity, they will fight, in the open and hidden. Later, when poison darts have pierced their armor and reached their heart, they will slide, sneering, to the bottom of the dark abyss where the threatening waters of Death sinuously flow.

beyond identity. I consciously refuse to be ruled. I seek liberation I want to determine my life on my own terms. I want to be with those who do the same. No compromise, no belief. Thus I am opposed to the totality of this civilization.

I demand a world without commodities

I demand a world without morality

I demand actual, self-determined relationships

The only kind of ships I choose

Where I choose my activities and act on reality in an open world

The circuses and to

It offers nothing while degrading the possibilities of real life

I am not my name

I am greater than representation

I refuse to be ruled

I want to eliminate the state

I want to eliminate civilization

Wendy Morelli

*we row, all around, we row, go on with the descent,
foreheads, toothless, we row. ancient gnawing root
and dreams of dirt. we howl, we row*

Silvana Luca

The vision we had before us was then lapped in the ornate, the rough, the delicate, the beautiful. It was grandiose and made of dead things. It was old halls and broken desks held up by an encyclopedia set or maybe some old bottles. It was glass, it was forged glass by humans (but actually machines) that fit uncomfortably so in your hands, so you felt it was something you were coming to terms with and what we drank was poison and we knew it. We knew it was a curse, we felt it to our bones but we were taught to yearn for this curse, for poverty, that was the way of things.

I hear sounds I want to live in, even in the saddest violin, mourning for the home is relieved an unconscious animal of, the sadness of loss that covered that rabbit and bird and maggot which didn't know the occasion, and to descend into technobeats that might be techo-jargon and there, in the split of the root of the tree, I wept.

Joesph Vaulliard

The futility of 'intellectual' trivia. Luckily enough, having pupils ripe and ready for puncturing teeth thru the skines. I am stealing their truths from them, brewing the revolutionary wine with no distillation intended. It will be a failure, because I do nothing more.

Calamity! Bearing stretches the devoted possibility of thought. Free time, Fortnight, Fate. Snowflake emanate language at senses taut. A starless night has never existed and the shackles that bound me are the quiet tempers of the things lying around the city. I dive and pick blackberries from the sea's guts and stare at the sleeping mer-creature's penis and dance fingertips over their undersides and I suffocate from lack of air. The

light of the bulb and the crafted mantelpiece does me harm when I caress the breasts I chose in this light, this pecked wood shelter. Idiot child awaited like a fucking burning cross dug out after a thousand years of resurrection.

Communicate by closing the mouth.

.....

You could tell me at the fair, I could tell you of the useless. A thousand years have passed and the cries that once striped this further sky have disappeared and it occurred to us rapidly that they were gone, like a missing morning, not a forgotten twig, or like a preferred walking stick: where was it now? Decaying doubtlessly, dreaded. The cries replaced by shouts of our faults and trespasses until we slept and awoke with the striping cries again.

.....

A world without alienation, without boredom, without borders. A world without the religious poison in the veins, a world of voluptuous experience! A world without clean water is a dead world. Break the laws or break the world.

There's law and there's passion. And we're going to act on behalf of the latter because it's what we know. For many, they have been indoctrinated so much of the former that they've lost their true passion. Whether they can recover it is a question we do not need concern ourselves with – only whether we can recover our own passion and what the consequences of the reacquisition of this passion may mean. For many, it means imprisonment, deserts. But if we can meet in those deserts let us sing and dance and burn and create the world.

.....

For disease!

A world without disease? Why conceptualize it? Disease is beautiful; disease is negation to the standard of normalcy. Disease binds and unbinds; disease is imagination – imagining a body reborn. I welcome disease; Disease brings

healing, understanding, accepting, the return, the relief. Why would one seek to conquer such a thing? Why seek the elimination of a thing which gives us the wonder of wiping a hand over a wound and seeing the miracle of a tree scabbing over itself? Against disease? No. Against unnecessary disease, yes. Against the civilized disease, against the diseases of affluence.

.....

It was a cheap game in which all contested – the final three former loves of mine. Emíl, Isabelle, and one I cannot recall. I passed Isabelle on the walking path and the game was not yet completed on their behalf so I continued walking and met Emíl. It was quiet, and we walked to her home and smelled the flowers out front, the dense growth that covered all imaginable colours we can no longer grasp because they have withered and returned and come back in tones too quiet in difference to be noticed by the recording of the individual's thought. "Are they different?" another may ask, and we believe Why Yes. Emíl leads into the home where I softly meet half of her two closest relatives. They smoke some of the dried leaves of plants surrounding us and circles light up between the pads of my fingers and Emíl's. Later, Emil takes the contest with the reddish flower they had met me with. Beyond the house is all black or all white, we cannot remember. Skipping into cheap, unpopulated dreams, we continue on the disposition for seashores.

when considering an incomplete life, one could exercise discretion. when considering a complete one, one might not. one might do anything which pleases or not pleases oneself. one might do something which pleases someone else as it pleases them. one will always be displeased by something. one will displease someone.

why the story was needed to tell it is best to give than to receive? illero instead sought to convince that every story was inherent in the individual reading it, that without this pre-empathy, the story would not be possible and thus every story

was party excessive - a reminder that did not need reminding if it's been there. the problem of the human race would be a matter of capacity then, not of being. illero didn't write for some time after this.

in the woods, feet gripping roots and dirt, they felt the rough bark of the tree through the green leaf which they now pressed the underside of their penis against, and moved, smoothly and firmly, until they came onto their stomach and the tree's side. love was everywhere and it tasted like carrot greens.

.....

Ariel Blanc

Where are we going and where is that verse which would save us from the chaos of this? That would usurp all the tormenters and delicately trace the vein which lead to domestication, to democracy, to monarchy, to patriarchy, and all the other morals that seek to establish themselves on the blood and backs of others? Where was that work? This is not that work.

.....

What to die, decaying currently, is infinite. Continually building is the growing, sprouting, spilling into refreshing redundancy, loving.

.....

The performance stands, begs, lashes out. The audience member records and commodifies in whatever for: digitally, socially, tongue, vaguely, excitedly. Not a shared hand embrace over strides – this is not the case. The performance stands, begs, lashes out.

crisscrossed toenails and milk filled knees. with bluefast bird in snow, she brings all the dead in tow. right faust naught cement glued street cracked laughing keeps you there still like wave watered no one ever slides out gray blue green trees, snow faded blood-transfusion happily dying giver, weaving like the land wake turns a winter.

small mountain bungalow earthcovered homes pushing morning light from their insides and being (likely) empty my father and sister driving

moaning about each other
babbit's ocean bridge to desert mountains
where my mother lived
eggplant trees and peaches
nuts and i was content
about moving here with the Other

my grandfather extravagantly recounting secrets
in a dark, dusk-ridden cornfield
outside their home
in nowhereland
where magery was dispelled into the blackness
and crows spun around the stars
wings and bodies making the space between
there i discovered the conditional love repeatedly
and the squawk of a black bird and beat of water
call me back to that which mattered more
hands in the dirt
making space in the chest

kill the very heart of the forest?
without the ancient god, dumb beasts
the forest cleared, wolves wiped out
desolate place, rich people will be made
ghouls, beasts and ancient gods, lives to kill

**

I like to watch the smoke whorl
and it's inconceivable to watch this while the toil
around me unfurls
And to speak of going back in it
like it had to be gone back into
like you were intoxicated by service and
payment
like no other way was possible
but there is another way possible
I am a the mythical creature with wings in sleep
talons seething and teething for the breaks of
flesh
I am piercing stare beneath idle chatter
I am silence in between the feathers ruffling
The blank space between the words,
conceived as impalpable imagery of the sexual
attractiveness of the sea, at any time
I am the creature in sleep

Jorge Vahl

As total leading withers before individual light,
Languages of abundance takes knowledge
always as aforesaid. Moratorium

The dreadful facing to a brightly implemented
collecting of imagining of a deathly
uttering so present being (as the lighting and
less: darkening) resembles
non-occurrence
caging the outsidings jumping laughing
expressing screaming
kissing without rubbing trembles airing
lacking impinging clangorous
but beats within reddishly
proving ze unfixing, living, unlikely as the rest
nonhappening less space, space loving spacebig

The taking back of our lives from the system of
domination and exploitation means to uncivilize
ourselves by casting away domestication. This
does not mean to submit to a new system of
domination, such as nature or supposed base or
inherent natures (instincts) – it means becoming
ungovernable, indomitable, unmanageable and
uncontrollable individuals making and deciding
our own lives or the decisions that affect them.

YOU HAVE NO RIGHTS

In response to Derrick Jensen's claim that "No
one has the right to toxify a river. No one has the
right to pollute the air. No one has the right to
drive a creature to extinction nor destroy a
species' habitat. No one has the right to profit
from the labor or misery of another. No one has
the right to steal resources from another": I argue
no one has the 'right' to impose 'rights' on
another. I don't believe in rights just as I don't
believe in beliefs. I am personally more
interested in destroying the means that make
possible the exploitation and domination around
me instead of allotting or imposing "rights" on
those around me. Leave morality to the
crumbling world and keep passion for all those
that follow.

.....

.....



The sight of the city pains my eyes
 All the beasts are gone, loneliness is no surprise
 I was born in the forest, I will die in a desert
 What befalls the earth will befall the children

The sickening toil for the food
 The sickening toil for the fools
 I was born in the forest, I will die in a desert

.....

no soul no heart
 chase a friend to see them torn apart
 bloody junkie full of shit
 want to "get a kick"? we'll give you it
 sick fuckers dressed in red
 we won't rest til your 'sport' is dead
 sick fucker dressed in red

we won't rest til bloodsports end
 child's face smeared with blood
 torn corpse lying in the mud
 this is your tradition
 save the fox, hunt the rich
 save the whales, hunt the rich
 take their things, to the ditch
 burn their money, make a wish
 save a friend, hunt the rich
 burn the prisons, fuck the rich

Glued to the screen you sit and vegetate
 A model citizen of a police state
 Pumped so full of rubbish you can't see
 you're having hundredth lobotomy

Bread and circuses , Government lies
turning off the electrics before your eyes
Bread and circuses, Government lies
Trash your electrics before your brain dies

Your work is a prison, you live in a box
Kept isolated so their boat never rocks

Neighbors down the street who you never greet
Stay inside, watch the box and keep of the street

Brainwashing and distraction to keep us apart
Bread and circuses, the commodities start
Lifestyle politics, that's all you got
Taken over by consumer mindrot

ON VAGRANCY

Isabelle Eberhardt, Silvana Luca

.....
I find common ground and conflict with the writings of Isabelle Eberhardt - conflict with the thoughts that seem to parade an ownership of a human's surroundings and the impossibility of freedom in the presence of others (yet I feel simultaneous affinity to them). Here is a heavily edited version of Eberhardt's essay "On Vagrancy" with my attempt at conveying some synthesis or intertwining (or whatever you may name it) with my skepticism and Eberhardt's writing.

A subject to which too few give thought is the possibility to be a vagrant, to act on the freedom to wander. Yet vagrancy is deliverance, and life on the move exposes an essence of freedom. To have the courage to smash the chains with which modern life has weighted us (under the pretext that it was offering us more liberty), then to take up the symbolic stick and bundle and get out!

To the one who understands the value and the delectable flavor of solitary freedom (for no one is free who is not alone - or surely there are more considerations in acting with the passions of others) leaving is the bravest and finest act of all.

An egotistical happiness, it may possibly be. But for the one who relishes the flavor, happiness.

To be alone, to be poor in needs, to be ignored, to be an outsider who is at home everywhere, and to walk, great and by oneself, toward the world.

The healthy wayfarer sitting beside the road scanning the horizon open before them, are they not the kin of the earth, the waters, and even the sky? What housedweller can vie with them in power and wealth? The vagrant's estate has no limits, their empire no law. No work bends them, for the bounty and beauty of the earth are

already theirs.

In our modern society the nomad is a pariah "of no fixed address." By adding these few words to the name of anyone whose appearance they consider irregular, those who make and enforce the laws can decide a person's fate.

To have a home, a family, a property or a public function, to have a definite means of livelihood and to be a useful cog in the social machine, all these things seem necessary, even indispensable, to the vast majority of people, including even those who think of themselves as liberated. And yet such things are only a different form of the slavery that comes of contact with others, especially regulated and continued contact.

I have always listened with admiration, if not envy, to the declarations of citizens who tell how they have lived for twenty or thirty years in the same section of town, or even in the same house, and who have never been out of their native city.

Not to feel the torturing need to know and see for oneself what is there, beyond the mysterious blue wall of the horizon, not to find the arrangements of life monotonous and depressing, to look off into the unknown distance without feeling the imperious necessity of giving in and going with and across mountains and valleys! The cowardly belief that a person must stay in one place is too reminiscent of the unquestioning resignation of tamed creatures burdened and stupefied by servitude and yet always willing to accept the slipping on of the harness.

There are limits to every domain, and laws to govern every organized power. But the vagrant has the whole vast earth that ends only at the nonexistent horizon, and their empire is an intangible one, for their domination and enjoyment of it are things of vitality.

三

三

三

三

三

THE LANGUAGE OF THE STATE

The judgmental language from the State and its proponents will continue to be difficult to escape.

While judgmental language is used in some instances to turn the hands of the state and false authority against itself, I am unconvinced judgmental language is a part of these instances. The language of authority and the state should be left to their use while those who seek to live (and die) on their own terms and with those whom they share passion refuse and remain critical of this language. There is a tendency in the movement to wield judgmental and dualistic or oversimplified language against those in positions of power. Calling those in these positions criminal, evil, wrong or unethical is to fall into the the arid and infertile landscape of totalitarian thought.

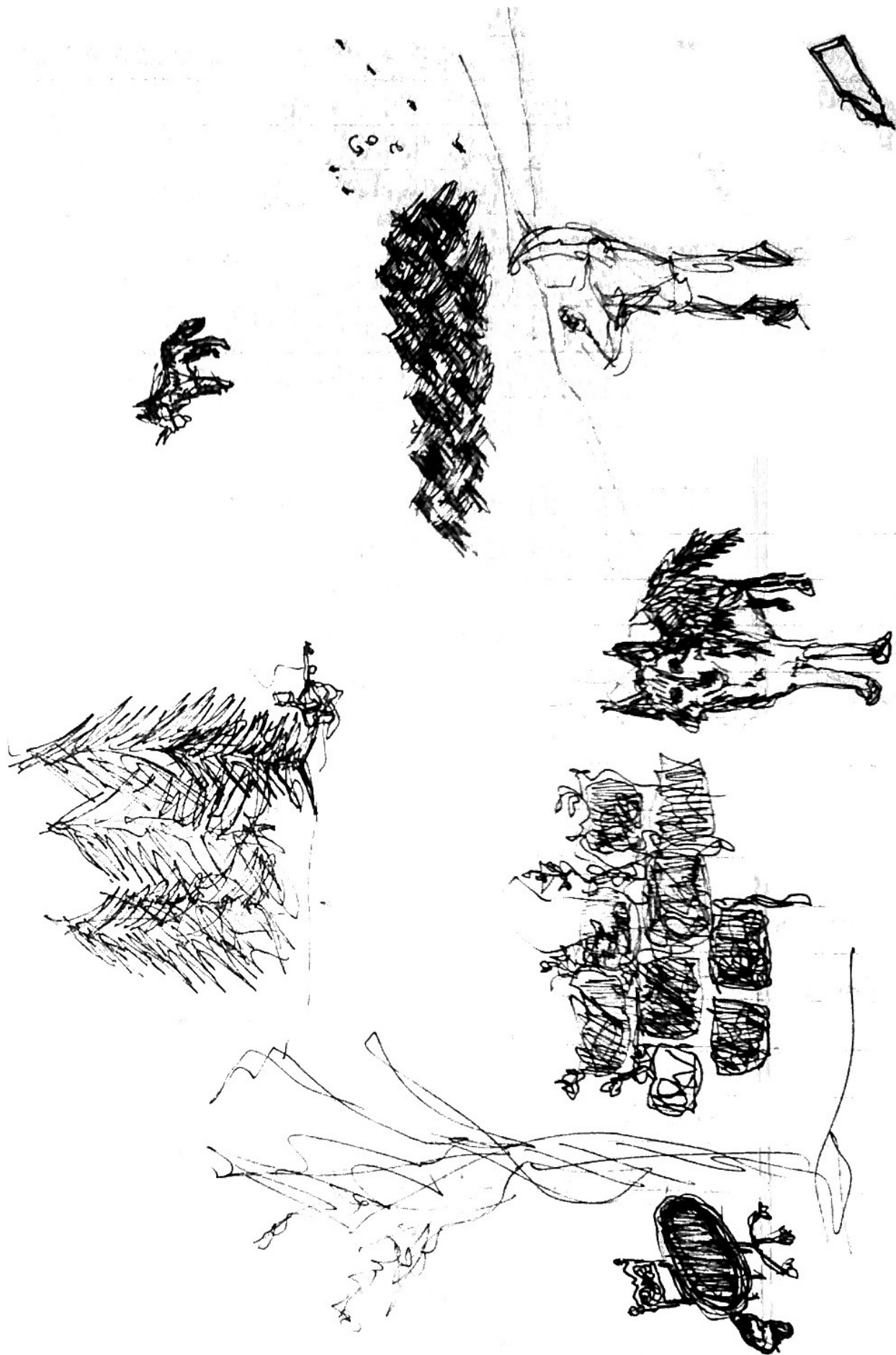
We hear that one who does not follow the dictates of a state is a 'criminal' and we see the shortcomings in this judgment. The problem is that we reverse it and use the judgmental language towards the authority instead of outright rejecting it. They are the bad guys, they are the enemy, they are the criminals, they are evil. Attention gained from these sensational terms draws criticism that detracts from the purpose of stopping the state, capitalism and civilization. A more

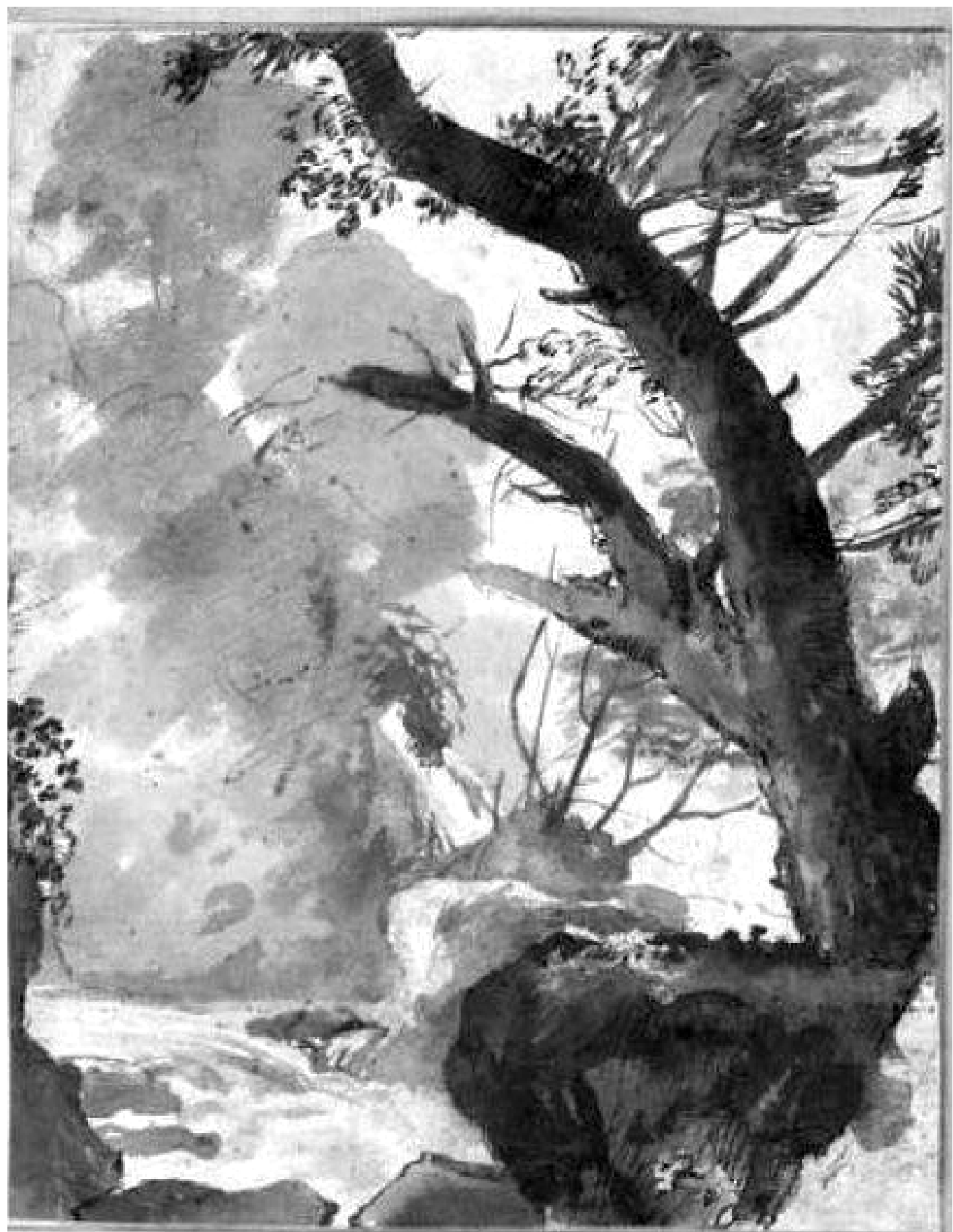
effective way of communicating would be one where we call out specific actions, needs and requests. Perhaps we should examine the division with others we propagate by use of such language.

Many conflicts arise out of an 'us vs. them' paradigm. Racism, sexism, identity politics, left/right, etc. Ethnocentrism is a central part of the divisions we see. Our society and culture focuses on what is good or acceptable within its limits. Often people fall outside of this. This leads to an oppression of a people like what we see with the Gay community and heterosexism. By addressing needs and avoiding judgments we see much of the dispute can melt away. The argument against those with sexual orientations that deviate from the conceptions of their oppressors is one formed from their judgment-based language built out of this hierarchical mindset. People are labeled evil, sinful, unnatural and are marginalized by the mindset of this language of authority and hierarchy.

We must notice any language we use that is based on this paradigm of judgment. We must disengage from the mindset that uses this to structure society by a punishment and reward system of hierarchy. I am writing this in hope that you will begin or continue to analyze and criticize the language paradigm ingrained in our society that we are socialized to accept from a young age.

Figure 1





Liminal
PO Box 7428
Minneapolis, MN
55407

